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The New Northwest.

A Journal for the People.
Devoted to the Interests of Humanity.
Independent in Politics and Religion.
Alive to all Live Issues, and Thoroughly Radical in Opposing and Exposing the Wrongs of the Masses.

Correspondents writing over assumed signatures must make known their names to the Editor, or no attention will be given to their communications.

THE LONG AGO.

BY B. F. TAYLOR.

Oh! a wonderful stream is the river of Time,
As it glides through the realm of tears,
With a faultless rythm and a musical rhyme,
And a broader sweep and a surge sublime,
And blends with the ocean of years.

How the winters are drifting, like flakes of snow,
And the summer like buds between,
And the year is the sheaf—so they come and they go
On the river's breast, with its ebb and flow,
As it glides through the shadow and sheen.

There's a magical isle up the river of Time,
Where the softest airs are playing;
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the Junes with the roses are staying.

And the name of this isle is the Long Ago;
And we bury our treasures there;
There are bivers of beauty and bosoms of snow—
There are heaps of dust, but we loved them so!
There are trinkets and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of song that nobody sings,
And a part of an infant prayer;
There's a lute unswept, and a harp without strings;
There are broken vows, and pieces of rings,
And the garments that she used to wear.

There are hands that are waved when the fairy shore
By the mirage is lifted in air,
And we sometimes hear through the turbulent roar,
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
When the wind down the river is fair.

Oh! remembered for aye be the blessed isle,
All the day of our life, till night—
When the evening comes, with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closing to slumber awhile,
May that "Greenwood" of soul be in sight.

A WOMAN'S REPLY.

BY MINNIE MYRTLE MILLER.

Before me lies an open letter, just received from a friend in Nevada, and I have just read therefrom these words:

"Is it possible that *you* are writing, canvassing and working for a 'Woman's Rights' paper? You who in my heart of hearts I have always called 'Evangeline'—which name, with me, means purest and best—what do you ask? Have you not your dowry straight from the hand of God? Were you not born to be loved, and is love not all in all? O, Evangeline!"

I can hear the tone of reproach, see the fine, Shakespearean head shake doubtfully, and the look of sad disappointment in the kind eyes. It is not pleasant surely to be thought unwomanly. I dread of course to be called "strong-minded," but, my friend, it has come to my heart through disappointment and real suffering that things are not as they ought to be. Not for myself, now, but—do you forget the little golden-haired darling that used to climb to your knee, the child-eyes that looked trustfully into yours, and the lips that you kissed without passion? Time is passing, and by and by the golden hair will crown a woman's head, and then—what then?

In regard to the suffrage question: I do not see anything better that can be done than to give everybody what they ask. There is now an unhappy element among womenkind who ask certain privileges, and let us judge them justly and kindly. Victor Hugo says: "It is not certain whether we are happy because we are good or good because we are happy." Do you not *know*—does not everyone know—how much better we feel towards the whole human family when we are happy, successful, victorious? Let us make woman happy—not setting ourselves up as judges to determine *what* will make her happy—but let her have her own way about it. God in His wisdom has not made everyone alike. There are, now and always, men in the places where women should be, and women who are trying to fill men's places; they do it, and *will* do it; and they may as well be allowed to do it well. And methinks there might be fewer ruined and debased women if those of a certain temperament and disposition had a sanctioned outlet for their proclivities. Let us not judge even the unfortunates with an unkind judgment. Let us speak and think of them as though we were in the presence of God. Who will deny that if the political privilege could act upon this class of humanity it would do a great, grand good—good to the wife, the sister, the "Priestess," and to man if it could take from and lessen the number of the lowest class of women under the sun, or, if not regain those that are really lost, at least save others. There is a certain spirit in woman as well as man, a morbid dread of proscribed duties, an overwhelming desire to be different from others; from this nature comes the "Priestess," who might with the political privilege be an aspirant for political honors, a public laborer, lecturer, anything but what she is. I am speaking of the unfortunate "humanity," as Thomas Hood did, "not of the stains of her."

But, leaving out this hope for *her*, there is the importunate element before referred to that the privilege of voting would satisfy, and thus discordance would cease and something else begin. This class, not having a talent, maybe, for making samples, embroidery, crocheting, fluting, tatting, ruffling, etc., etc.—this endless variety of nonsense that wears out a woman's eyes and enervates her brain; not, maybe, having a genius for poetry or the fine arts; or a taste for elaborate dress, parties, flirting, gossiping, etc.; not having been employed in any of these legitimate ways, they have, for some time, been watching you men out of the corner's of their sybaline eyes, while you have taken from the depth of your mysterious pockets a bit of immaculate paper and deposited it, with some ceremony and evident responsibility, in a box. There you may ask, and with some propriety, why these women didn't have their sybaline eyes upon the rising generation, and why their time was not employed in looking after the innocents. We do not find all of our time taken up in attending to the physical wants of three or four beloved babies (and their physical wants are all or nearly all they require for seven years after they are born). We do not believe in giving a child three cold water baths every day, changing its clothing as many times, besides frizzing its hair like the "true wife and mother" does, and it does not take a lifetime to spank a baby and put it to bed. So these women have been observing—and they may have a little curiosity, a desire for adventure and experiment, but generally, I believe, it is a pure and earnest desire to better and elevate men and women that they ask to vote.

There is another class of sad, stricken, hysterical women, who really have had a hard time, who are neglected and abused and long-suffering, and this element it will protect and encourage. Then there is another class that it will not affect, just as there is a class of men who are not affected by politics, who scarcely take interest enough to vote. This is the little domestic dove, cooing softly, and content to coo; the clinging vine, caring only to cling; the real, orthodox "true wife and mother," and if you men will keep on being good to her she will go on with her round of domestic duties, which is to her a labor of love—forever and forever hunting up your very essential slippers, sewing on your important buttons and raking up the hair of her baby into little rows like a neatly arranged garden.

Do not accept any of these terrible and heart-rending pictures of the result of woman suffrage drawn by Congressmen and speakers in the House and upon stumps here and there. Do not believe them when they tell you that women will leave their homes and their husbands unprovided for, and their children standing around the desolate hearth in attitudes, subsisting on bones and crusts. Look upon them merely as strongly imaginative when they say that a woman will leave her little babies to die. Women do not do this way. If they were inclined to do so there are already plenty of temptations and opportunities. The truest, strongest, inherent feeling and motive in a woman's breast is her maternal love. You *cannot* induce a true woman to neglect or forsake her offspring, and a false woman will do it anyway, and go to perdition. If she did it and went to Congress, it would be better.

Do not be selfish in this matter; do not be constantly thinking of what you will lose. Would you deprive millions of human beings of a privilege which they earnestly ask, just for fear there might be in consequence a missing button in the next decade?

There is a class of men who are good and philanthropic, and I believe are really sorry for womankind. They always say: "I am glad I am not a woman." I was talking with one of these the other day; he said:

"I sympathize with women, and I do it in a substantial way."

"I do not see how, since you are not in favor of any kind of reform, or political or social change."

"I do it in this way," he said, significantly putting his hand into his pocket.

"Yes, but there are many little cases around through the country that you cannot reach."

After a little more conversation came the sweet old romance I had loved in days lang syne:

"I was brave because a woman gave me her kisses; I worked because a woman loved me; I was kind because a woman trusted me."

"Yes," I answered, a little fiercely, "but that other man was not. Christ said: 'I came not to call the righteous, but sinners unto repentance.' For individuals like yourself, or the one who inspired you, these things are not intended, and be assured they will never interfere with her trust or your troth."

This man needs only to understand fully the wants and aims of woman and he will give her his assistance.

But there are other men who stand up, winking pensively at nothing, with a far-away look, and a "smile that is child-like and bland," and tell us that we do not know what is for our good. This style of man will not believe anything until he sees it.

Then there are others who are frightened, and stand perfectly aghast at the idea that their wives may possibly claim certain privileges, socially, which they at present most triumphantly arrogate to themselves.

"When *they* vote I want to die," wailed forth a trembling sinner the other day; "I never want to live to see that day."

Well, such men might as well die; they are better off away down in their "little beds," where the cold frowns of women can never reach them.

SALEM, Oregon, Aug. 20th.

The largest deposits of anthracite coal in the world are in Pennsylvania, the mines of which supply the market with millions of tons annually and appear to be inexhaustible.

PHYSIOLOGICAL INCEST.

BY MRS. CARRIE F. YOUNG, M. D.

None but physicians and physiologists have a correct idea of the prevalence of this sin. Our attention has been particularly called to the subject during the last three months. Why so many incurable diseases among children? Why so many shrunken limbs, enlarged joints, deaf ears and blind eyes? Why so many idiots? Why so many unbalanced brains and fearful tempers? Carefully looking over the families and children of a ward in the city, or a township in the country, there can be found all these lamentable conditions. They do not exist without cause, and chief among the causes we name the one at the head of this article.

"Incest is defined to be the co-habitation of parties who, by reason of consanguinity, cannot be legally united." We may extend this definition and say that the co-habitation of persons whose *temperaments and constitutions* are *not physiologically compatible* is incestuous. The union of cousins is incestuous, not because they are cousins, but because their kinship gives them the *same temperament*, and renders them physiologically incompatible. The union of any two physiologically the counterparts of these would be equally incestuous. The criminality does not attach because of consanguinity, but on account of the temperaments being incompatible, of which incompatibility the kinship is but presumptive evidence.

Nature punishes these violations of her law, "visiting the iniquities of the parents upon the children even to the third and fourth generation," and frequently far beyond. Oh! these unwritten histories! Who shall proclaim them upon the house-tops? Eternal justice answers, "I will, in the blighted lives of the children of these unholy unions."

Walking up and down the land—on all her beautiful hills—in all her pleasant valleys—walking the wards of asylums—thronging the offices of physicians—we see evidences of *physiological incest*, in idiocy, rickets, insanity and scrofula of every form and shape. In jails and prisons we see lowering brows, deficient moral faculties, and forms and heads indicating the rule of the animal propensities, and almost an entire absence of the finer feelings and faculties that make men and women Godlike. All these are children born of parents living in physiological incest. We know a family of nine persons—seven children—where the mother has had from childhood epileptic fits, and four of the children inherit and are now daily liable to the same sufferings. Fortunately for the race the curse fell upon the boys and not yet upon the girls. A girl is not as likely to marry a man thus afflicted as men are to marry such girls. Yet, unless these daughters can be guarded and strengthened in all those directions where this penalty of broken law is likely to manifest itself, their children will be very likely to inherit the same or a similar disease. The boys of that family all show evidences of insane alimentativeness. Two of them gorge themselves with meats and drinks only to go into spasms. Notwithstanding the expressed desire of the father to become a Christian, we failed to make him understand that the sin of compelling that mother to bear diseased children is a crime for which there is no atonement—a quadruple sin against God's holy laws, against the mother and the child, and against society.

This mother told us that slowly coming to consciousness this thought had for years been taking shape: "It is a sin for me to bear children." She added, "I have begged and prayed to be saved the pangs and perils and certainty of giving to innocent children this terrible bequest. Only that I am a coward I would commit infanticide."

In every town of one hundred inhabitants in the United States may be found suffering, fading, tortured women, dying by inches, to whom burning at the stake would not be as terrible as the consciousness that they are doomed to be the unwilling mothers of sickly, short-lived children. All these are living in *physiological incest*.

We know another case where, in a family of seven children, two are idiotic and blind—not one of them being perfect or giving promise of becoming ornaments to society. Still their parents go on bringing into existence more children to become a tax upon the people. These, too, are living in physiological incest.

We know another case where cousins married. Of nine children but one could speak, and she—a hopeless invalid—was permitted to marry, ignorant of the *Laws of Life*. She gave birth to a *mute* child, which died, aged seventeen years. Eight of the brothers and sisters were deaf and dumb. Not one of them lived to be nineteen years old. This white-headed, broken-hearted father and mother informed of and familiar with God's unchangeable laws would have conscientiously asked, "Are we so organized and adapted to each other as to be—when twenty years have passed—satisfied with the results of our union?"

Too often, even with Christian people, marriage is a means of cheaply gratifying unholy passions and pecuniary ambitions, where it ought in every instance to be carefully, conscientiously considered with a view to the future of their own particular interests, and also with a view to the future of the race.

"What," said two of these parties, "shall we do? We love each other. We cannot break up our family?"

"No," we replied, "God forbid it. But you can *cease to do evil*. You can henceforth live as friends or as brothers and sisters, respecting each others rights and infirmities. You have ignorantly sinned. Now you know the consequences. Henceforth live to obey divine laws, and study—read—reason. Subject every passion and impulse to the rule of right. Purify yourselves, body and blood, soul and spirit. Seek divine aid. Live to educate your poor, sin-cursed children. Try to save them from the repetition of the sins of their parents. Cultivate in them and yourselves a love of the beautiful—nature—trees—shrubs—flowers—birds—books—music—pictures. Also cultivate personal cleanliness—purity of food and drink—with an earnest longing to live a new life, that shall be crowned with health and peace. These are the means that will help you to rise above sickness, INCEST, discord and premature death.

CORRESPONDENCE.

This department of the NEW NORTHWEST is to be a general vehicle for exchange of ideas concerning any and all matters that may be legitimately discussed in our columns. Finding it practically impossible to answer each correspondent by private letter, we adopt this mode of communication to save our friends the disappointment that would otherwise accrue from our inability to answer their queries. We cordially invite everybody that has a question to ask, a suggestion to make, or a scolding to give to contribute to the Correspondents' Column.

Harry C.: We have not lately heard from "Rarey, the great horse-tamer." We think there was nothing so very marvelous in his art. One of his plans—and the principal one—we have often seen tried with success when we lived upon a farm. Compel the vicious animal to raise one fore foot, and then, with a leather strap and buckle, strap the knee in a bended position. "Jumping stiff-legged" on three legs will soon satisfy the most refractory animal that opposition is a failure under such disagreeable circumstances. Horses have a great deal of good, hard sense—often much more than their masters. If they are rationally treated by rational beings they can be broken without direct abuse.

Mrs. A.: Thanks for remittance. Correct.

Miss S. A.: Mrs. Laura DeForce Gordon's address is Mokolumne Station, San Joaquin county, Cal.

T. G. T.: Subscription received per Mrs. Carrie F. Young.

Mrs. N. C., Ills.: Many thanks for your kind remembrance. Sent papers as requested. Did not see the number of the *Woman's Journal* containing the notice of our paper.

M. M. M.: Your countermand came too late. Poem already published. Sorry you think poorly of it. Never mind; it's all right. Glad to know of your improved health and good prospects. Shall we publicly "explain?"

Mrs. M. L.: Your letter is received and request complied with.

Mrs. L. A. G.: Sent reversible shawl August 22d. 812.

Mrs. H. A.: Sent alpaca dress August 23d.

Mrs. M. A. M.: Was disappointed, but hope you can arrange the matter soon. Your subscription was not included.

Miss Carrie O.: Fringe is very fashionable. Ruffles, folds, pleatings and fringe are now often used upon the same dress, and two overskirts are surmounted by a basquine and bows.

Helena: You can utilize your broken black silk and make an elegant dress of it by taking four yards of black velveteen and the best parts of the heavy silk and joining in alternate stripes of each material—the stripes not being over five inches in width for the silk and four inches for the velveteen. Make the sleeves and waist to match the skirt. An overskirt of the best remnants of the silk, trimmed with fringe surmounted by the velveteen, will be a nice accompaniment. We have made over old and badly worn silks in this way that appeared really elegant.

Hattie DeJ.: Llama lace shawls range in price from thirty to one hundred dollars.

"A disgusted mother:" We well know how to sympathize with you. Once when we were teaching school, and so busy that we had barely time to bolt our meals, our children became infested with a fiery, cutaneous eruption—caught from some mangy young ones, whose school bill remains unpaid to this day—which bade equal defiance to persistent bathing, hygienic treatment, red precepitate and repulsive sulphur and lard. Bah! It makes us squirm to think of it! Finally, in our despair and consternation, a good Samaritan suggested the root of the common garden ele-campane. We pounded a quantity of this root to a pulp and stewed it in sweet cream, making a pleasant ointment which, in less than a fortnight, utterly destroyed the itching scourge, and permitted the tortured children's flesh to heal. This remedy we have frequently since recommended, and have never known it to fail. Anybody's children are liable to catch the itch, but no decent mother will willingly harbor such a visitant.

Where it Goes.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

Boys and girls begin by being astonishingly alike. Up to a certain point they go hand in hand. The first thing we know the road splits, and before one can tell what has happened, or why, or how, he is tripping down his side of it, she hers, and off they go, "waving their hands for a last farewell," to that community of faculties, tastes, and interests, that possible (sometimes practical) likeness of mental and moral caliber which alone can constitute, in any sufficient sense of the term, *equality* between two people. Now and then a woman "cuts across lots," and now and then a man goes honestly out to meet her; and occasionally, through thickets, and over rocks, and across briars, the two clasp hands with an appreciation of mutual need, and a fitness for one another, and a content with one another which would have been unattainable had they gone on tossing roses and flying kites at each other across the growing distance of their several ways. But this is only that happy exception which proves the sad rule.

Mature life, which develops the man, stunts the woman. He goes on. She stands still. He unfolds. She droops. He puts himself at compound interest. She does well if she save her principal intact.

This is especially noticeable among what we call "educated" men and women.

Mary and Josiah, at the high school or academy, keep step like drilled soldiers. Mary, in fact, is inclined to effect the Euclid lesson in less time than Josiah; and Mary will graduate the higher rank in Greek. At the Shakspeare elocution clubs they will take turns at the five dollar prize. If Josiah's composition on the principle of the cog-wheel is read at the exhibition, Mary will write the parting hymn. (Even at the base-ball match one August evening, Mary will be "pitcher," and Josiah must look to his laurels, or she will carry her "side" in spite of him).

If they chance in a medical college together, Mary will be quite sure to bear the first honors over his head.

But Mary seldom chances in the medical or, alas! in any other college. Josiah plunges into Calculus and Descartes. Mary subsides into custards and dish-water. In fifteen years he is a college professor, or a State surveyor, or the principal of the Young American Idea. In fifteen years—fifteen? in five!—the chances are that she will not read the daily papers.

Apparently, the girl started in life with the same chance of intellectual growth as the boy. What became of it? To all powers of observation and inference she seemed to bring, at the start, as much mental stock as he to their joint corporation. Where did it go?

Said the Hon. George R. Hoar, before a committee of the Massachusetts Legislature, in 1870:—

"In the town where I was born and educated, and where we had pretty good schools and pretty good scholars, the girls were always at the head of the classes. My friend who has preceded me and my friend who sits on the committee perhaps could tell you something of a lady who fitted me for college, of whom it was said by the late President Everett that she could fill any professorship in Harvard College. Under her tuition the university used to place students who were suspended for a time; and she kept them up with their classes in every study, doing a work which would have been divided among a dozen male teachers in the college. She was one of the few persons in this country who are said to have read the '*Mecanique Celeste*' in the original, without the assistance of the translation of Dr. Bowditch; a Greek and Latin scholar to whose studies Æschylus and Homer and Virgil were familiar; well acquainted, too, with the languages and literatures of modern Europe; who could tell naturalists, like Tuckerman and Gray, some things about their own studies which they were glad to hear."

If there are such women as that among us—and where we hear of one there are, of course, a dozen "mute inglorious"—what becomes of them? Why, if they marry, do they sink into nursery-maids and cooks; and why, if they do not marry, do we find them—for we do find them—rusting life out in sewing-circles and strawberry festivals? Why do they go so far and *stop?*

"Why?" said a keen-eyed woman, to whom I once propounded the problem; "where?" sharply. "It's plain enough where. Women's wits go into their clothes."

After long, patient and assiduous study, I am inclined to think—unable to find for the worse a better reason—that she was partly right.

We hear a great deal about the *money* it takes to effect a well-dressed woman. I wish we were oftener reminded of the *brains* it takes.

The average young man walks into his tailor's twice a year, pays a bill, and has coats and pantaloons and vests. That is all he knows. He requires shirts, and somebody makes him shirts. He thinks no more. Will he have a hat? Behold! a piece of felt, with a galloon string. It does not flop over his forehead. It will never twitch off his back hair. It does not blow into his eyes. Its elastic cannot blister his neck, or produce depression of the cerebellum. It will not be out of date before the summer is over. It is seldom or never a matter of serious reflection. It is a fixed fact, like yesterday's dinner or the last election.

The average young woman expends enough inventive power, enough financial shrewdness, enough close foresight, enough perturbation of spirit, enough presence of mind, enough patience of hope and anguish of regret, upon one season's outfit—I had almost said upon one single street suit—to make an excellent bank cashier or a comfortable graduate of a theological seminary.

If you doubt the truth of this statement just take in for yourself, with the "cricket's eye," the first young girl you may meet down town. How fearfully and wonderfully made! How do you suppose those bias folds, and double box-plaits, and fluted ruffles, and corded bands, and shirred waists, and pannered skirts, and bowed, and flounced, and tied, and corded, and laced, and buttoned, and spangled, and fringed, and folded, and dotted, and haunched, and bunched, and horrible mysteries got together!

There was maneuvering enough expended upon the dress-maker to have elected a representative, and concentration of mind upon the seamstress intense enough to have withstood a Wall street panic, and headache enough put into the sewing-machine to have mastered "Porter's Human Intellect." And now it requires care enough to keep herself together to save a soul.

I once saw a young lady ride the whole way from Portland to Boston in the cars without once leaning back against the cushioned seat, so that she should not tumble her black silk sash.

A barber told me that he "curled a young lady" once for a ball; "and she had *two hundred and forty-seven* curls when she was done. And I began at ten o'clock in the morning, and I never got through with her till nine o'clock at night!"

Dr. Dio Lewis tells of a being who put four hundred and twenty-five (I think) yards of trimming upon one single dress.

"We get no Christ from you," said Rumney Leigh. "And, verily, we shall not get a poet, in my mind."

And, verily, when society had reduced women to such straits as this one hardly understands such a fact as Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Four hundred and twenty-five yards! Conceive of the Hon. Charles Sumner or Professor Longfellow in four hundred and twenty-five yards of trimming! Imagine the speech on San Domingo, or the Psalm of Life, written in a black silk sash tied in a snarl to the author's coat-tails, he pausing at every classic metaphor, or at the close of each martial stanza, to see if he had tumbled himself behind.

Fancy Brown-Sequard at a consultation in two hundred and forty-seven curls. Picture him timing the pulse of a dying man with one hand and tightening his hairpins with the other.

It is a threadbare experiment of outraged taste to fire broadsides of ridicule at women's dress; but it is neither fair play nor fair logic to do "only that and nothing more." Women are what men have made them. You had the first chance, sir. "Our hour is not yet come." It is quite as much your fault as ours that you write epics while we hem frills; and that you support the family while we punch stiletto holes in a piece of cambric, or prick yards of muslin into embroidered "insertin'," to encircle our necks and arms withal.

From the time that a girl-baby is put into a flimsy muslin upper skirt, with three frills and a bow to it, and a boy-baby into a solid piece of blue flannel, with a sailor-collar and brass buttons, to the day when Mary leaves school and begins (alas! poor Mary!) to "do her own sewing," the girl's mental force is imperceptibly, insidiously, poisonously draining away into the covering of her poor, little, innocent, beautiful body. By that it is "time for her to be married;" and *then* the last state of that woman shall be worse than the first.

Men dress to please themselves. Women dress to please men. A man's attire has regard to his comfort, his convenience, his means, his business, his whereabouts, his health, his happiness. A woman's has regard to the whims, the fancies, the weakness, the admirations and passions of men.

It is surprising that it should be necessary to make the assertion that this is neither a natural nor a Christian state of things; that it is perverted and Pagan; that, because we are used to it, we are not, therefore, adapted to it; that it is as false as it is familiar, and as dangerous.

If they were not the most obvious truths which require the most demonstration, and the superfluous applications which oftenest cry from neglect, it would be mere impertinence to remind the world at this stage of its history that the greatest blunder it has ever committed is the assumption that woman is made for man. But the world, like the school-boy, "knows perfectly well—only forgets."

Under the blessed dispensation of Jesus Christ, a man is just as much the helpmeet for the woman as the woman is meet for and help to the man. Under the dry and dusty old-time Jewish prejudice, which sticks like this year's drought, that woman loseth her life, misses her purpose, fails of her final cause, who does not study to make herself useful and attractive to men; and—mark the inevitable corollary—by the very least elevating powers of attraction which she can exert or to which they can respond.

I call them the least elevation. They might well demand a stronger term.

Run your eye over any "female" seminary that you may chance upon, and how often would you find a girl to whom you would say that it has ever occurred to inquire why it is that she should put ten rows of velvet in a "Grecian pattern" on the bottom of a dress, while her brother has his coat bound once with a silk braid, and then calls it a "gimp," and never knows the difference to his dying day? Why she wears four feathers, several yards of ribbon, a piece of lace, cambric flowers and a vail upon her straw hat; and he only a lute-string band pinned straight aronnd the crown? Why her hat tips over her nose, and his stays on his head? Why she is burdened with a pink parasol, and he goes handfree and burned and happy? Why he may freckle from forehead to chin, if he likes; and why she locks herself in her room and cries when she discovers the tenth, upon the bridge of her nose? Why he should wear comfortable, loose coats, and she uneasy tight basques? Why he in broadcloth, she in transparent muslin? Why her pretty neck is bare, his decently covered? Why she pays four dollars for a lace collar, he twenty-five cents for a linen? Why she is pinched into corsets, and he is not? Why his shirts are made into plain bands, and every article of her underdress is trimmed? Why her very handkerchiefs are reduced to a senseless, useless mass of fine embroidery and lacework, to which he would refuse the dignity of a mosquito netting? Why, in short, all the *use* of dress is his, the *fuss* hers? The sense his, the nonsense hers? The beauty—I hesitate. Man is not a graceful being; but in this cultivated year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and seventy-one, his very stove-pipe hat and sack coat yield the field to the unparalleled and unapproached and unapproachable deformity of women's attire.

It takes more and worse than brains to dress as women are expected to dress. It takes morals.

That few pure-minded women know or think, in donning the latest modes, that they have sprung from the corrupt ingenuity of Parisian harlots only makes matters worse.

Good women *ought* to think. It is their duty to see, not to ignore, to exile, not to overlook, an immodest style. The mischief and misery will never be remedied till they do. Bad women think, meanwhile, and society responds to the thinker, irrespective of moral quality.

These are sharp, plain words in which to put a very sad, subtle truth; but they are the sad and subtle truths which require sharp plain words. This would be no place to say them if they were said *in* their place.

If every woman who has the training of young girls in her hands would teach them, as fast and as far, as slowly and as finely, as carefully and as tersely as she can, that the entire past and present *theory* of feminine dress is a degradation to a good woman and an opportunity to a bad one, she would do more toward saving the world than any pulpit but the New Testament, and than any preacher but St. John.

When the world learns that there is worse than no reason why women should sacrifice any more time, money, strength, intellect or modesty to their dress than men, we shall have ten women citizens, scholars, inventors, sculptors, artists, poets, scientists, and rulers, where it would be impossible, in the nature of things, to find more than one now.

"I think you hardly allow margin enough," interrupted a thoughtful woman, looking up from her sewing at me here, "for the *inside women*."

"What do you call the inside women?"

"Those who cannot be artists and poets and—"

"They can be citizens, at least. I said scholars and citizens."

"Well—perhaps. And—isn't there a *goodness* in the influence of women's dress upon the world? It is very bad, I know; but it isn't *all* bad."

"Good women will make goodness out of anything. If women ever ennoble society on a wrong *principle*, the credit belongs not to the principle, but to them. Any principle which demands that one-half of the world shall influence the other half, *primarily*, by physical beauty and its adornment is degrading both to its subjects and its objects, and therefore wrong."

My friend took up her sewing silently, and while she was musing the fire burned; then spake I with my tongue:

"I more than suspect that some plain, neat, sensible and graceful costume—differing in the two sexes only so much as the necessities of society and the finer instincts of women shall require—will be at some time devised for general street, house and business wear; that women will, in due time, be no longer in peril of life every time they step from a horse-car, or of dropping the baby every time they go up stairs, or of a rheumatic fever every time they walk out in the rain, from their long, entangling skirts; or of social ostracism if they wear no streamers upon their heads, or of that most dire calamity, not being 'popular in society,' if they cannot command good dressmakers."

Of course, being in Rome, meanwhile, we do, more or less—Heaven send it may be less and less!—as the Romans do.

These "bloodless revolutions" in society come on tiptoe, and some conformity to established standards of propriety or elegance is as necessary as flannels in an east wind. As long as we cannot change the temperature, we must, in a measure, adapt ourselves to it. Nevertheless every woman who has so far pulled her sex back into the Dark Ages as to put on one of the dragging, uncleanly, senseless street-dresses which disfigure this spring's fashion-books has done a deed of which she ought to feel ashamed. And, notwithstanding, the day may come when no refined and respected maid or wife would be seen in what will be called a fashionable outfit in any country town in the land this very summer.

OUR COMING GIRL.—The following communication to the *Chronicle* speaks for itself:

EDITOR CHRONICLE:—Under the caption of "Nerve vs. Muscle," the following editorial paragraph appeared in the issue of Tuesday:

"Mrs. Stanton says the nerve of the Coming Girl will be superseded by muscle. Now, as nerve is the nearest tangible approximation yet found to mind, and as muscle is the symbol of mere brute strength, does Mrs. S's prediction argue well for the intellectuality of our Coming Girl?"

Muscle is to the nervous system what the foundation is to a house. Women are too nervous to-day for sustained mental action. All other things being equal, the larger the brain the more muscular power; the greater the man or woman. Daniel Webster, one of the greatest men of our times, was a large man with great physical as well as mental strength, his brain weighing 42 ounces. Francis Power Cobbe, who stands high in the literary world in England, weighs 300 pounds. So have no fears, Mr. *Chronicle*, that when once girls throw aside high heels, paniers, chignons, corsets, and exercise the inalienable rights of deep breathing and easy locomotion, that they will lose any of their intellectual capacities or spiritual attractions by a strong physical development.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

THE BURDENS UPON WIVES.—"Unmarried ladies may take comfort from the fact that they are likely to live about ten years longer than wives, if Dr. Hertmuller, a German physician, says what is true."

Those anxious to learn of the terrible hardships of married women, should visit the farming districts of the Ohio and Mississippi valleys, the farming and great manufacturing districts of Europe, and notice the burdens of labor imposed on wives and mothers, in kitchen, laundry, sewing-room, cow-yard, hog-pen, chicken-house, and vegetable-garden, in addition to those of bearing, nursing, and rearing from one to a dozen children, with from fourteen to eighteen hours daily of exhausting drudgery, harassed with corroding cares and carking anxieties; the wonder will not be that married women are cut down so soon, but rather, they will be astonished that they do not, under the pressure of adverse conditions, melt away more rapidly.—*J. A. Collins.*

The woman-women of New England have taken a "new departure." They now propose to run a woman's ticket, selecting from both the regular political tickets the best names of each. This ticket cannot be voted for by women, of course, but any woman supporting it is to be responsible for the vote of her husband, brother or friend.